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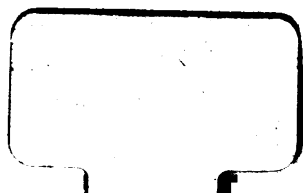
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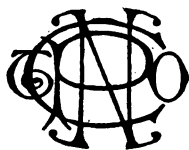
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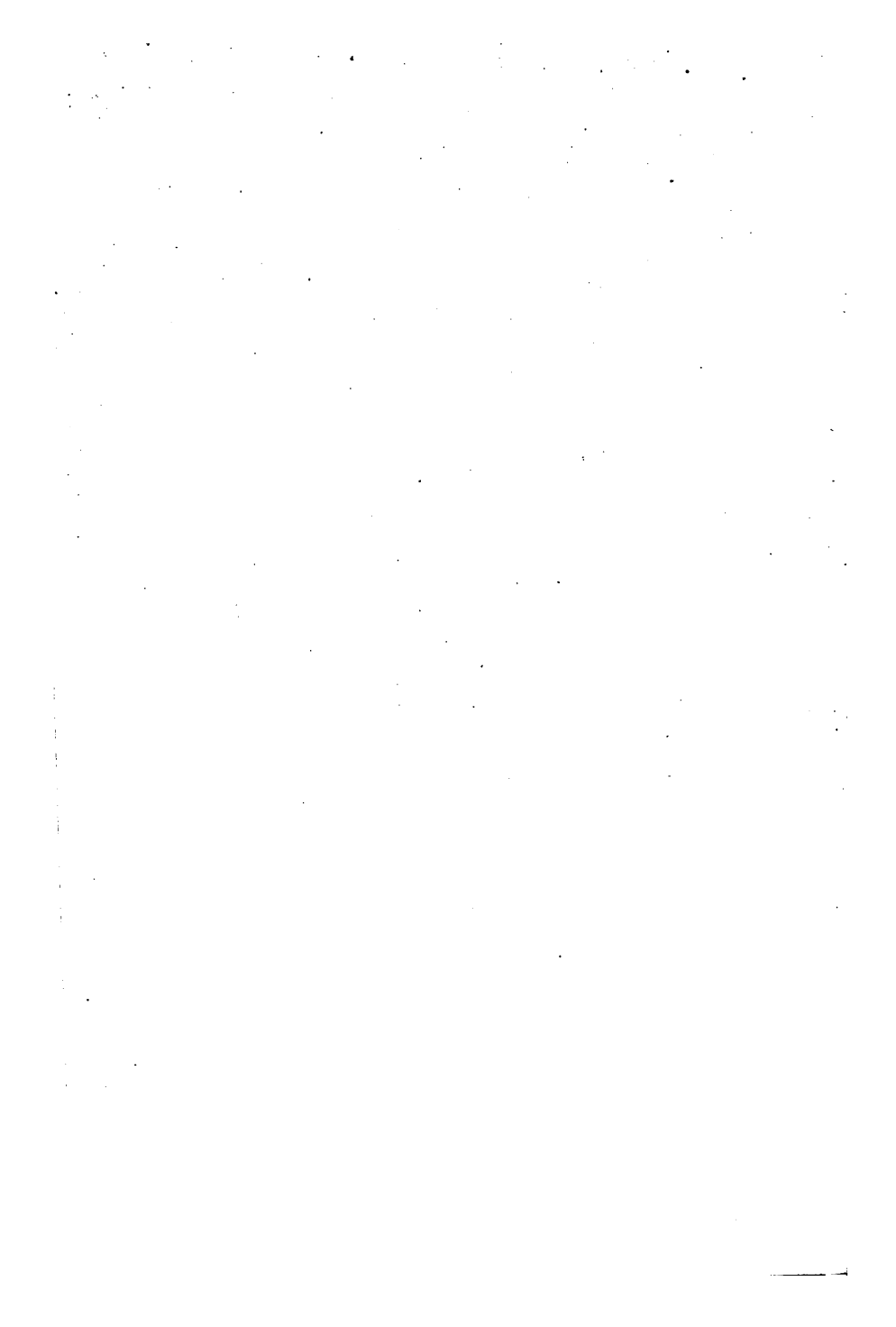
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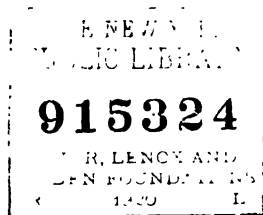
*The Giant of the
Blue Ridge*

And Other Poems

By

Mary Buckner Spiers

WASHINGTON
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY
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Affectionately Dedicated
to my daughters
Mary Dandridge and Helen Strother Spiers

* Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. 19 Mar. 1920.

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The Giant of the Blue Ridge.

Ike Huck was in his blacksmith shop
(Perched on the snow-bound mountain
top)—

A sooty den it was, like lair
Of beast within a coal mine bare.
From the rude forge a lurid light
Reveals his presence to the sight.
Great is his height; his eyes that dream
Seem downward to the fire to stream;
Like knotted rope the muscles stand
Upon his folded arm and hand.
Here on the mountain he had grown
To greater strength than man had known,
Yet dense his ignorance—the bear
As much of letters knew. Yet there
Were moments when with flood of pain
Great knowledge came to knock in vain;
Then sonant beatings of his heart,
Like hammer on the iron dart,
Seemed urging him to some wild deed,
Suggesting some Icarian creed,
And pæan in his brain would ring
Of thought beyond his uttering.
A knock resounded on the door,
He stepped across the grimy floor.
A stranger entered; it was cold;
His coat was thick, his bearing bold.

10 THE GIANT OF THE BLUE RIDGE

"My horse has cast a shoe, good sir,
And, curse the luck, a mile from here!
I trust myself and lady may
Beside your genial fire stay?"

"Yer be mose welcum, sho," said Ike,
"Ef yer kin bide ther shop's ill dike."
"'T is better far than ice and snow,"

Said Lyra in soft voice and low.

Her cloak of fur is white and sleek,
Blue is her eye and pink her cheek,
And hair as soft as eider-down

And pale as moonshine falls around
Her slender shape. The forge's light
Veils her like shower of rubies bright.

"The horse is here!" the coachman cried
(He'd reached the door and stood outside).

"Thin fetch 'im in," said Ike in clear
Strong baritone; "Er'll shoe 'im yere.
Mayhap ther leddy 's skerret ter see
Ther erron roart es sum mout be?"

"Don't mention it!" the stranger cried,
And turned his burning eyes aside.

The coachman held the restive steed—

Strange servitor he looked, indeed!

A vulture beak o'erhangs his lips,
A fleshless hand the bridle grips.

His nervous, foreign attitude
By Ike is marked—not understood.

The Giant worked in novel mood,
As Lyra, silent, near him stood,
And painted on his brain in hue

That artist might have raved to view
Was she who brought supernal light
Into the shop that winter night.
He thought the frozen brooks unbound,
And streamed their silver song around ;
And scent of honeysuckle dew
Came in as he clinched on the shoe.
"They 're gone," he said, "en Er be bles
Ef they did peer alack ther res'!
Thim min er sartin quar en *bad*,
They did 'n suit thes mounting lad—"
He paused, with hammer lifted high,
A diamond sparkle in his eye.
A visitant in angel form
Had come to him through dark and storm ;
The muscles of his arms relax,
He lays the hammer by the axe—
So deep his soul to beauty bowed
He feared himself in silence proud.
Once a white horse that he had shod
Had seemed to him a demigod.
Too fair for earth the snowy coat
O'er which its mane did wing-like float ;
Too regal was its step, its beck,
The arching of its glorious neck—
Beneath the lightning of its eye
He trembled in idolatry.
When summer on the mountain waved,
Her blooming vines in nectar laved ;
When airs were merry with the wine
Elixed from odorous eglantine,

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His soul burned with the prurient heat
Of poet's passion, incomplete.
He 'd stood, spell-bound, amid the crowds
Of laurel wrapped in rosy shrouds
(Along the banks of that lone road
Where lambent water overflowed),
He 'd seen the mosses on the rocks
Blossom like tiny sprites in frocks,
He 'd turned away, what he had felt
Was as the morning dew to melt.
But summer days dispense a balm,
We pause in an inspired calm.
The rills' cajoling lullaby
Is soothing to theopathy.
Now winter, an infanticide,
Buried her fair ones far and wide—
The subtle dreams his brain within,
Stirred like a consciousness of sin.

Wild winds sweep o'er the mountain top
and lift
From rugged ruts the newly-fallen snow,
Till moon and stars in wannest waning drift
Behind a veil: then down the tempests
pour,
Trampling like horses that have known no
rein,
Bearing an icy breath to lower plain.
Benigner spirits of the mistral band
Linger, intoning whence the fierce are fled;
Like priest and chorister in requiem

They mournfully inter the snowy dead ;
Ah ! threads of wind-blown sorrow twine
about
Our heart strings when these voices drawl
without.

Faint, fainter in the distance rustles sound,
Like troopers mantling ere they fall asleep
The bared arbutus freezes on the ground,
Its snowy cov'let blown to ravines deep.
A silence over desolation falls,
In the vast awe a shivering wild cat calls.

" Why do we stop ? " asked Lyra. (Here
The awful precipice is near,
The rocks, like dragons, rear to drink
The moonlight from its basin's brink :
Wild, grim and stark in black and white
The mythoplasms of the night.)
" Drive on ; drive on. O, heaven, my
heart !

Why did we on this journey start ? "
Sharp silence, as when leak is sprung
In ship at sea, upon them hung.
The driver from his seat had crept,
Don Heiskel from the carriage leaped.
Then ominously sailed to view
Fair Alpha Lyra, that she knew.
The namesake of the pallid star
Looked upward to its light afar ;
Then cried in voice of outraged queen,

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“ What means this pause and why this scene,

This aimless wand’ring in the snow ?
Speak, speak, for I demand to know ! ”
Still no response : a blast rushed by,
Hurling the loosened branches high.
Nature’s sudden rage inspired
The craven fiend the husband hired,
The coachman, sprang with tiger glare—
He clutched her throat, he tore her hair,
And choking with the steel-like springs
His fingers made, he raises, flings
Her form from the Plutonian height :
It floated downward, feather-light.

Then parched and panting, hot and cold,
He turns to Heiskel for his gold.
With shaking hand and flaring eye,
With whistling breath, hysteric sigh,
He pockets the right bounteous price,
Saying, in tones like rattling ice :
“ I’ve done the thing and done it neat,
But if I tell the truth complete
Your wife was true ; but when a man
Once doubts ’em then no devil can—”
“ Damn your opinions, go and find
Him! I will pay you double. Mind !
I ’ll roll your cursèd soul in gold
If you will reach him in his hold.
Search town and city, land and sea ;
Search altar, spire and nunnery ;

The haunts, the dives, the beats of men ;
The mountain gorge, the foxes' den ;
The banquet hall, where rose is pressed
To noxious beauty's naked breast ;
The vaults in which the treasure 's stored
Of scarlet wine that fires the blood ;
The galleries, where the bang of death
And cense of hell drive back the breath ;
The opium den, where ennui wallows ;
The tracks, where coursers fly like swallows ;

The table, where the bloodshot eye
Drinks in the game till day is nigh.
His heart (the ace of hearts), I swear,
Is your best card ; play it with care.
Kill him and lay him in his grave,
And you shall have the wealth you crave."
The horses plunge 'neath stinging lash
Downward and away they dash ;
Dark, raging, rapid, where all things
Are still 'neath wide moonlighted wings.

Ike locked his shop and sauntered down
(His home was 'neath the mountain crown).
His shadow on the snow is flung,
The stars seem to his shoulders hung ;
The ice is shivered by his tread ;
A bear upon the crag o'erhead
Looks down, then slyly crawls away ;
The night grows bright as eerie day.
A scream—he stops and listens well—

"Help, help, O God!" the words each
fell

Like distilled drops of agony ;
Then tenser silence seemed to be.
Pausing to look, running to seek,
He hears the spiral fir trees creek.
He leans far out, he peers far o'er
The precipice with prescience sure ;
With eyeballs starting in distress
He scans the hydra wilderness—
O white, O fair and awful sight !
She hangeth speechless on the night !
He grasps a sturdy bough to throw
His heavy form some yards below,
Descending steeps where never man
A risk for any motive ran.
He ventures in the jaws of fate,
He reaches her at hazard great ;
Discovering that her broken arm
Hangs backward, in a quick alarm
He pinions it beneath his chin,
With skill and gentleness akin
To nothing but the will of man
Who loves beyond the mortal plan.
Reaching at length the deeps below,
Where frozen torrents murmur slow,
With ringing heel the ice he rips
And brings fresh water to her lips.
With agony intense the breath
Inflates the lungs. 'T was almost death !
Her blue eyes open on his face,

They lighten up the darksome place.
To his brawn chest he holds her close,
Yet light as zephyr wraps the rose.
Her lids droop slowly, growing white
As lilies folding in the night.
A weary way the Giant takes
Unto his hut, where he awakes
A crone who is almost a shrew,
Yet kind amid a great ado.
"Lerd, Ike, wut be yer fetchin' yere ?
Et hain't er bar, et hain't er deer—
Er ooman ! sho 's er be ther same
Merhaly Huck, which air mer name."
"She's hurt-en bad," he said, and lay
Her on his mother's bed. The day
Was breaking o'er the mountain chain
And stealing through the dingy pane
When Lyra opened wide her eyes,
Stern, like the waking dead's surprise.
"Ow cum et thet er foun yer, ser ?"
He asked in whisper low and clear.
"*He* threw me there to kill," she said,
And fainted on the rustic bed.
Rare herbs upon the mountain grew
And Mother Huck their virtues knew.
Ike often practiced surgeon's art
In this wild district so apart.
They nursed the lady, young and fair,
With wise instinctive skill and care ;
Exulting when rare soup, though rude
Passed those white lips of gratitude ;

And praying when the dews of pain
Gathered upon her brow again.
Oft when she in exhaustion slept
The Giant to her bedside crept;
Her splinted arm he'd lightly press
In an austere and mute caress.
As on dark clouds the lightning plays,
The flash of pity and the rays
Of Love illumed his eyes' black wrath—
His own ! yet wounded unto death.
The months passed by—the lady grew
Strong and as fresh as mountain dew.
She found within her purse some gold—
Dame Huck, though winter-bound and old,
Had purchased at the hamlet store
Such garb as mountain lassies wore,
And quite a spruce sunbonnet made
The guest's patrician face to shade.
While list'ning to the dreadful tale
That Lyra told with lips so pale,
Her knarlèd heart, like oak in spring,
Threw out green shoots in pitying.
Don Heiskel was a jealous man ;
This passion o'er the senses can
Hold such a strong abnormal sway,
That reason steals ashamed away.
To hide was Lyra's wish supreme,
To the Apollyon *dead* to seem.
To seek the courts—'t would rend her soul
Her life's sad pages to unroll.

Summer is come ; the little cove
Where winds in winter madly drove,
Now set with violets white and blue
Is like an Eden fresh and new.
The spring that by the cabin gushed
Is bowered in roses wild that blushed
And made upon the verdant swell
A flowery carpet as they fell.
A thousand mystic tints of green
Adown the mountain sides are seen ;
A thousand shadows drifting pass,
Light forms that stand in globes of glass,
And palpitating things of heaven
From out the golden gateways driven
Entwine their arms ; with saffron blush
The granite bastions they flush,
And even in the gorges black
Bright spirits seem to know a track
And rise on wings of gold and red
Where fire and storm have left the dead.
Like magic art at great high noon
Black pictures on the rocks are thrown ;
Harsh castles in the distance loom,
Vast domes their silences entomb.
One lighted peak, it is the last,
Is guarded by a sentry vast ;
Gilt helmets mark the horizon,
Bold warriors warring with the sun !
There is no shape, there is no thing
That nature is not mimicking ;

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The wing, the hoof, the smile, the frown,
Flit ever o'er the ranges' crown.

Time seems long lost in regions of blue air,
A new quiescence consecrates despair;
Like pearls, the dreams are set without a
glare.

Wand'ring earth's wilds in childlike joy
again,

The heart responds to nature's pure refrain.
Here would I rest—

Where sun and moon are nearest to my
breast,

With leaf-mold dusk upon my ashes pressed,
With flowers wild my sky-draped cradle
dressed;

So wild my heart has raved—I could not lie
Where columns of the dead meet mourn-
fully :

Here I'd sleep best.

Upon the mountain top I first did wake
To see the ships of light from harbor break,
To see the stars their solemn process take ;
And at the last I'd have my spirit pass
From these incrystaled airs to seas of glass
In crecive light.

Amid the summer's drowsy hum

Lucindy Leek was sad and glum.

Unfitted for the specious part

Of maid in training, her warm heart

Was breaking. Though she did not smile,
Lucindy knew no book or wile.
She longed to meet Ike face to face,
But when the time and where the place ?
At last, in gown made new last year,
She sought his famèd atelier.
Upon the acme blooms a furze
Where bees, in blue, exultant buzz—
The sweets on heights intoxicate,
In maddest reveling they mate.
Lucindy draws quite near, then flees,
Vanquished by bashfulness and bees.
Ike's hammer-stroke the silence broke ;
She hides behind a mighty oak.
Far in the dimmest vale below
A cresset burns where waters flow ;
Miles make of tides a solar ray,
The distances illumine day.
The pollen from the tulip trees
Drifts on high airs to inland seas.
She hears a gentle whirr and rush,
A deer is pressing through the brush—
His antlers interlaced with light,
His coat of crinite silver white,
His chest with jeweled vapors set
Like cuirass of the orient ;
He slides, he falls upon his knees,
Rears in wild beauty, bounds and flees.
Lucindy weeps, she knows not why—
Thus hope goes down, thus joy goes by.
Emotion is of youth a part,

And lives e'en in uncultured heart.
 She slowly to the forge advances,
 Though bees and fears dispute her chances.

Ike scrutinizes in abstraction
 An iron bar, then comes reaction ;
 His lids fly up, his sparkling eyes
 Survey her with a cool surprise.
 " Be enny sick dorn et yer hous ? "
 He asks in tones sententious.
 Lucindy's heart sinks, dully beating—
 This scarcely is a lover's greeting.
 She spreads her hands upon her face,
 Bright blushes by her fingers chase ;
 Her bosom heaving with distress
 Essays to burst her gala dress.
 " Ow, Ike ! " she cried, " in cose yer be
 Rat mad 'bout sumthink long uv me,
 Er cum to fin' wut et 's erbout ?
 (Ther denner 's dun, ther close 'ung out.) "
 He answers with embarrassed smile :
 " Yer cackerlashuns errous, chile ;
 Go hum an mine yer methers' hins,
 En dun yer bother long uv mins. "
 " Yer usern ser 'ard harreted be
 Win we wus keepin' companee ;
 Wut be ther hap thet latly maks yer
 Ambishus onter thim that laks yer ? "
 " Lercindy Leek, " said he, " er low
 Er did chat long uv yer, but now
 Sich power uv wuk es fotch en yere

Er hain't got time ter excort yer.
Go hum en milk yer mether's cow,
Er lay sher 's lowin fur yer now."
"By ouren hins en ouren cow
Yer peer ter set grat sto jis now."
He looks dismissal kind, yet square;
Reserved his countenance, his air.
"Ner luck yer 'll hev ! er dream er drempe,
Yer erron turned ter blazen hemp,
Ther owl screetched en yer fire plase cole;
Yer 'll hev ner luck, 'ard harreted soul !"
She cried, then left. This p roration
Brought with it certain consolation.
He fiercely seized the bellows haft,
Impetuous in his handicraft,
And murmured: "Cinty's jaw rins free,
Rat bunctuous mounting gells they be!"

Dame Huck in wrath surveyed her son
As he his evening meal begun.
"En juty boun' Er'm bleegeed ter speak,
Yer be fur zartin Cinty Leek;
Wunst yer sot up ter her rat smart,
En now yer low ter brak her harret;
Er dun hole by ner sich axion,
Ser jist gin out sum sadisfaxon !"
"Cinty peers ter be ser strappin
Ner harret brakin's gwine ter happin,"
The Giant loftily replied,
Then bowed his head and sadly sighed.
"Sakes, Ike, er allers wus persumin

Yer'd marry Cinty, Chistmas cumin!"
 "Er nuver did, un ner ockazion,
 Cerdify ter sich orazion."
 "Thet quelt Er made—all kaliker—
 Yer *knowed* thet quelt Er made fur her?"
 "Thin gin et ter her, tooby sho,
 Thet quelt sher 'd lak, en thet Er know."
 "Cinty Leek 's er cluver gell,
 En thin her daddy ons er mell;
 Er pow'ful han fur wuk sher be,
 Ther sorks sher's knet—yer orret ter see."
 "Thim sorks sher kin dispense erroun,
 Ther 's thim as needs 'em, Er 'll be boun!"
 "Dezartin gells air sin ondyin,
 Ther feelins be ser tarrifyin!"
 "Et be ill lojic thet yer speak
 Bout mer dezartin' Cinty Leek;
 Er walked wid her, Er 'd ax her how
 Her folks ter hum 'us, en Er 'd low
 Erbout ther wither—thet 's ner courtin
 (Sich es Er mout do sho en sartin)!"
 She sighed: "Ther Skriptur lows yer mout
 Fine yer er wife, but yer en doubt
 Air gwine ter bide er batchildor,
 En view uv all ther gells roun' yere."
 "Ther gells erpon ther mounting be
 Rat lakly gells, thet 's cle'r ter see,
 But Er dun feel mer mine inclin'in'
 Ter thet ther gell thet yer bin min'in'.
 Er wuk fur ye—ser leaf mer lone;
 Yer son er'll be, en marry nun."

The Dame was pacified, and touched ;
She set out honey, which she vouched,
And wheaten hoecake, light as foam,
Peculiar to this highland home.
Her warlike eye grew soft and meek
With pity of Lucinda Leek.

The cabin had a quaintest charm
The cultured eye to please, disarm ;
With bronze-green herb and pepper red
Its clumsy wall was draped. The shed
Enshrined the wheel on which the yarn
Was spun, to knit and weave and darn.
The floor, though rough, was scoured till
plain

The tracery of native grain.
The chairs, unpainted, were as fair—
Their white oak splints spoke zealous care.
The splendor of the quilt was nigh
To rustic aristocracy ;
And cabalistic hints lay in
Its pattern's odd meandering.
The step of stone before the door
Served well to mark the passing hour ;
At noon the sun-rays touched the rock—
The Dame desired no costlier clock.
She had her joys—Ike's footsteps rung
The rhythm unto which they sung.
Each time he came her heart was glad,
When he was gone she was not sad ;
He 'd come again : a single thought

Year in, year out, her comfort brought.
She sat, in ancient frillèd cap,
Ready alike for chat or nap—
Her thick Egyptian skin quite fit
For ages hieroglyphic writ.
Her every action bore the tone
That Moses graved upon the stone.
How carefully she sought their food,
From salad bed that winter stood
'Neath piney shelter thick and warm,
Between the rocks that broke the storm.
Full well she knew what eggs were due
From speckled hen, and topknot, too ;
Eggs that like eastern treasures shine
On mosses 'neath the eglantine.
Right valiantly she milked the cow,
Nearing the cliff's portentous brow,
Braving the calf with budding horn ;
The mountain bull in snowdrift born
(Now torrid heat inflames his brain,
Perchance he dreams of tilts in Spain).
Much Lyra learned to love, admire,
The Nestorian in crude attire.
The mother of a Giant grand,
A queen, a tiller of the land,
A prophetess, physician, sage,
An ectype of a former age.
The gentle guest a subtler thought
To Ike and to his mother brought.
The Dame found grass as fine as hair
Fashioned a mattress fragrant, fair,

And wove a cov'let thin and soft
For Lyra's bed within the loft.
Beneath a regal oak they dined;
Wild grape about the trellis twined,
And falling water filled the cove
With music sweet as lutes of love,
The water in the pail was cool—
Ike knew a clear, sequestered pool
In such umbrageous cragged way,
So hidden from the heat of day
It melted not the summer round.
He sought it eagerly and found
Ice, perfect as in polar seas,
Which he brought home their drinks to
freeze.

Lyra lay wakeful in the loft
And listened to the storm king oft
Coming marvelously near,
Touching the roof,—the roof touched her.
One night when Madam Huck was ill
She 'd watched beside her long and still;
The Giant seated near, in sleep
So softly boundless, lightly deep;
His arms above his head were crossed,
His halcyon locks were darkly tossed
Upon his forehead, smooth and fine;
His breath was fresh as breath of kine—
The pure hypnotic spell she felt,
Seeing his lips in smiling melt.
She had known men so fierce and wild
Ike seemed to her half god, half child.

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Now often to the hut he brought
Wild flowers which on the cliff he sought ;
Weird things with waft of fairy fume,
The vap'rous bells' aerial bloom
Strange as her fate ; they looked and
smelled

Like nothing that the known world held.
Great harmony his being bound,
Like consonance of nature's sound.
He in this high Thearchy bred
Man's archetype on mountain head,
Of powers primeval possessed,
By lawless ignorance oppressed.
As splendid sunsets burn away,
Nor look the same another day,
So his untutored gifts consume
Intangible their source, their doom.

Man is the only animal that knows
The fearful route that's ordered for his woes.
Spent by earth's final recompense, despair,
Deep in her breast he animates her air
With bloom that scatters in its pollen light
The ashes of his form, once brave and
bright,
While on his grave the lesser creatures
creep.

The yellow bee in trumpet-flower deep,
The jeweled bug its fairy gong rings sharp ;
The katydid enclasps her strident harp.
The humming bird flits fast in glinting gold,

The turquoise violet opens on the mold
Her wanton eyes, that smile and woo
around,

Though turquoise eyes are melting under-
ground.

We are the alien element of earth,

'T is writ our birth is death, our death is
birth,

Yet multi-hued the dreams of sanguine man !
His life is like the rainbow's subtle span,
Both ends touch earth then all that 's bright
grows dim—

Lightness and darkness—all means death
to him.

His sweetest cups have poison on the brim,
His brightest lamps the direst demons trim,
His pure endeavors sink in time's bold flood,
His noblest aims impale his heart in blood.

“Cum dorn en see ther purty sight !
Ther river rins lak meltin' light,
Er ketched a mocker end ther vine,
Ee wobbles powerful en fine;
Cum dorn en tak 'im frim mer han',
Ther sizliest mocker en ther land.”

Ike stood beside the ladder rude
That led to a small solitude.

Lyra descended from the loft
With sleepy eyes and blue and soft.

“O, Ike, I fear that he will pine,
Torn from his nest within the vine !

Glad was his life in forest shade
 Joyful his wand'ring in the glade."
 "Ee 'll nuver pine wid yer Er low ;
 Ee sho mout quit ther lonesome bough
 Ter ear yer vise ; Er lay ee 'll be
 Livelier thin en ther chistnut tree."
 "Sweet one" cried Lyra to the bird,
 "Throughout the air your song I 've heard.
 Rising from earth, falling from stars,
 Like jewels spilled through wire bars,
 Now will you come and live with me
 In an abiding harmony?"
 Adoringly, with cheek to wing,
 She pressed the soft pulsating thing.
 Its airy cage was hung beside
 Her window in great state and pride.
 She had no books—and list'ning read
 In the bird's song a pathos mad.
 When anthems at her window start
 A giant heart speaks to her heart.

One day Dame Huck had rheumatism—
 Anointed with a home-made chrism
 She sat, though it was dinner hour.
 "Er 'd thank yer chile a mighty power,"
 She said to Lyra, "ef yer'd low
 Ter tak Ike's denner ter 'im now.
 Er beant lak ter ax yer, though
 Ther shop er nigh, ther road yer know.
 Ike 's got a power uv wuk ter do,
 Ee can't git hum till ee gits through."

And with a stiffened hand, in vain
She tried to light her pipe again,
Till helped by Lyra's fingers deft
Smoke rose in puffs to chimney shelf,
And homely comfort stayed to brood
Within the cabin by the wood.

Lyra the splinter basket took
Upon her arm, and crossed the brook.
From hollows ariose chorus came
Of voices shrill and sweet and tame,
Some deep, appealing—like a dream
Of spirits sinking in a stream.
Sensation novel on her pressed,
She half forgot—was almost blessed.
From nature's breast strange drink she
drew,

A sylvan soul within her grew.
She gathered blossoms rare and slim
And filled the basket to the brim.
She reached the shop, but what is this—
This fundamental power of bliss?
The blacksmith holds upon his hand
A horseshoe, like a philter grand.
His arms are smutted left and right,
He stands as firm as mailed knight.
She glances timidly around,
Then softly sets the basket down.
What light, what splendor, fresh and high;
What triumph in his hazel eye!
Broad as the horizon, the beam

'Neath those black brows (that span her dream).

His fancy heaven-born—she had brought
His dinner, as a dear wife ought.

"Yer 'av er man though uv yer own,"
Said he in low and broken tone.

"Yes, Ike, I am by law, you know,
A married woman, though I 'm sure
When husbands seek to *kill*, they are
Husbands no more if law be fair."

"Ser ill ther harret thet 's boun ter yourn,
En hoot ov owl er yere er moan,
En dorn ther hollars darrek en deep
Ee peers ter bide, ee peers ter sleep;
But if ee wakes ee'll sleep ergin
Furiver en 'is mortal sin !

Ser loaded be mer arrum ter strak—
Ter see 'im dead wud hebben be lak."

"Forget him, friend; such thoughts of
blood

Befit not one so kind and good."

"Ha ! ser ther patridge hin mout fret
Seein' ther sythe en blood es wet,
Hearin' her yung 'uns cherrip 'roun,
Ar dying un ther stubby groun.
Yer wounds er ragged en mer mine,
Yit glories un ther mounting shine !"—
And with a flash of teeth like snow
He hurled the shoe to bench below,
Then asked, in anxiousness intense,
In tones half prayer, half penitence:

"Ther tother—did yer by 'im set
Sich sto es maks er husbing fret?"
"No, Ike," she answered with a tear;
"My life is pure, have you no fear;
Great is my grief—but by God's sun,
You did not save a wanton one!"
"The speret tells me thet, fur sho!
Thet's wy ber yer er set sich sto.
Now res yer, Lerrer, un ther stool;
Er'll fenesh fore ther erron's cool."

Beating his dreams into the iron sharp,
With trill of lyre and concord of sweet
harp,
Till at the door the stars come down to
peep;
Till by the forge the burglar night winds
weep.

Soul of my soul!
So weld I chain to chain and link to link,
So in my melted heart thine own will sink.
Wildly the hurricane on mountain side
Appeals to heaven and claims for me my
bride,

Clearly the cataract rings out complaint—
The life of man is ebbing and grows faint.
Soul of my soul!
So do I bend the iron in my grasp,
So may thy form yet yield unto my clasp.

Would I could mould an iron tower high
Where I might dwell with thee forever nigh,

34 THE GIANT OF THE BLUE RIDGE

As all my powers are shattered by thy spell,
That shower of sparkles 'neath the hammer
fell !

Soul of my soul !
So may my life be scattered like the spark
To light thy footsteps if the way be dark.

But there is no more darkness, no more
light ;

Day hath not sunshine and no gloom the
night,

For thou to me art a supreamer sense
By which I live and move forever hence.

Soul of my soul !
So doth the bellows' breath inflame the beam,
So doth thine eyes illuminate my dream.

Fiercely the heated ore the water drinks,
Harshly the sledge upon the anvil clinks.
Soft as the cliff flower wafts her light per-
fume,

My touch would fall on thy celestial bloom.
Soul of my soul !

So do I strike and strike and never done
With hammering thy life and mine in one.

Along a dim Druidic track
Unto the hut they journey back,
Till 'neath the full moon's whitest gleam
They rested by a mountain stream.
The heavens are pouring torrents bright
Of silver, and the airs of night

Are golden, and above them bent
A tent of radiant sediment.
The ferns look black like laces wove
By artificers in the grove ;
Amidst them is a luminous camp
Where fairies burn an aural lamp.
The crags are running o'er with rills
Of lustre which the moon distills.
Afar, from some sweet blooming tree,
A shower of petals musically
Falls over Lyra, as though spent
The revels of the firmament.
The Giant seems in metal moulded,
His arms upon his chest are folded ;
His pallid nostril, chiseled chin,
And noble brow are glistening.
Upon his plated arm the muscle springs
And quivers with the joy of living things;
Clouds have been upborne on his silvered
chest,
Unto his brow the sliding stars have
pressed ;
Now from his eye a vital spark and sweet
Darts to the shivering waters at his feet.

Waters of the Rappahannock River.

Their upper spring arose in lichen vase—
A tiny rill, a hair-like cascade poured,
Then lost itself in mosses at the base
Of battlements, and hiddenly it moored,

36 THE GIANT OF THE BLUE RIDGE

Drinking from earthy urns until it fell
Into the rocky gulch like ringing bell—
Then bounded down the mountain wildly
glad,
Tearing the fairy fern with glittering lance ;
Besieging laurel that, Aurora clad,
Bowed like a courtly lady in the dance,
Till by the road it flashed, there night and
day
Utopian buglers breathe in roundelay.

Like blossoms loosened from the sleechy
earth,
Fair butterflies flit, float, and flee away ;
Their florid shadows lend the fountains
mirth,
The larch they wrap in orient array,
Then rainbows seem to shatter with a flare
And scatter all their colors on the air.

Within the dark blue pools, full to the brim,
Spanned by triumval arch of dogwood stars,
The jeweled julis of the mountain swim,
With silver trailings checked by golden
bars.
Sweet chords arise, their cadences and
stops
Like heavenly organ of the mountain tops.

A gauzy veil hangs on the bridal bloom—
The waters throng an ebon walled gang-
way ;

With dazzling disks the riant airs illume,
The winging doves in trilling torrents
stray,

Till dainty highland hearts of ichor glow,
To wild beatitudes they flow like snow.

Girding the inky roots with crystal sigh,
Gurgling to gullies grim and granite-bound;
Calling the callous sky, with ceaseless cry,
Touching aeolian harp strings 'long the
ground,

Till in a white-robed cataract they stood,
Aerial regent of a serried wood.

Still from the heights the baby rivers fret,
They leaping, babbling to the mother go,
Till she with treble choruses beset
In chiding murmurs hollowly and low.
In vales beyond she mirrors on her breast
Her natal springs upon the mountain's
crest.

* * * * *

"Ike, lit thim hins er loose ergin,"
Said Madam Huck; "ets gwine ter rain—
Ther chickings 'ull git drowned sho,
Ole es Er be Er orret ter know."
"I 'll go and catch them," Lyra said,
And drew a shawl about her head.
"Grat sakes er life! yer 'ull git wet,
(Ef them ther dies ner mo Er 'll set.)"
'I do not mind the rain at all,"

Cried she—pariah from great hall.
 Adown the slope they went, with speed
 Of rescuers to direful need.
 The housewife's heart was all aflame
 With anxiousness and dread and blame.
 The rain obliquely fell in long
 Unbroken streaks and many-strong ;
 The enfilade from clouds red hot
 Rung sharply on the rocks like shot.
 Dame Huck, with skirts tucked to her
 knees,
 Ventured in amongst the trees
 Calling : " Chick-ee ! chick-ee ! cum,
 Mak tracks fur hum ! mak tracks fur hum ! " "
 While Lyra darted wildly round
 Snatching the tiny balls of down.
 Her lap is full, her hair is drenched ;
 Its pins are from their bearings wrenched.
 Small rills about her feet are running ;
 The hens evince a morbid cunning.
 Yet like a shepherd on the plain,
 Dame Huck, advancing, cries again :
 " Chick-ee, chick-ee ! wy dun yer fetch
 Ther yung'uns hum, contraree wretch ! " "
 Thick darkness gathers over all,
 The thunder bursts on mountain wall.
 Guns from the buttresses pour out
 Their gusty wrath with lusty shout.
 Pale flashes in the gorges play,
 'T is gruesome dawn, 't is fading day !
 Yet Mother Huck the lightning

Has utilized to catch a hen—
To dart 'neath a Titantic rock,
Where she espies a truant flock.
Like ball on bat, in bitter wail,
Her voice strikes on the pounding gale :
" Chick-ee ! chick-ee ! en fry'n' size
Er drownin' yere erfore mer eyes ! "
Lo ! suddenly the flood is spent ;
Away, away the brooklets went.
The sun dips low, his dazzling brow
Is crowned with clouds like heavenly snow,
And from his azure toga spills
A countless shower of daffodils.
Like jewels that a bride bedeck
Drops glitter on the mountain's neck ;
About her waist the tulle mist blent
With sun-threads clings like cerement.
She seems to rise the skies to greet
With kiss of fervor pure and sweet.
" Ther yung'uns ber ther fire Er'll dry, "
Says Madam Huck, with mournful sigh—
Her gown clings to her scraggy form,
Her cap is marked by soil and storm.

" Yer guess yer 'll ter ther meetin' go ? "
Dame Huck inquired. Ike answered slow
" Sum cumfit Er mout fine ther, sho,
And Lerrer lowed sher 'd lak ter go. "
" But Er be skeeret ! in sich er croud
Ef sher be spied, ser fine en proud—
Ner telling *wut* ther folks mout say !

Er low thet Lerred 'd better stay."
 Ike sat and pondered, sore perplexed,
 In husky accents speaking next :
 " Her man air sho ther vorhey Devil
 Ef ee ergin'd do her evil—"

Er lay her man air no wher nigh,
 But ef ee be she 'd bes' be shy."
 " En ef ee lay er han' un her
 Er lay 'im out, en dun' cher keer."
 " Now, Ike, in dun' cher be fur doin'
 Wut yer forever mout be ru'in.
 Ambishus beyer ways en heddy,
 Fur Satan's mischerf allers reddy."
 " Er 'll brak his neck, es sho as sin,
 Ef ee cums roun' palanderin ! "
 " The Scriptur' reads es how yer mout
 On no occord er critter hurt ;
 Ther Passin cum en fotch ther book,
 Et red es plain es plain cud look.
 Ef on un jaw yer git er lick,
 Ther tother jaw yer tarn ret quick."
 " Ther Passin's er contrivin' chap,
 Er marvel how ee 'd lak er rap ?
 Er hit Er 'low, but as fur *tarnin'*,
 Er dun' hole by ner sich larnin'.
 Ther Passin reads ser underminin',
 Ther Holler Meetin' Er 'm fur jinin'."
 " Ther 'Holler Meetin's' Metherder !
 Wut be ye gwine ter jine et fur ?
 Ther water un yer head they po—
 Et hain't enuff ter wet ther dough.

Ow Passin 's larnt en sacrit Skriptur' ;
Ee fotch ther book, ee fotch ther pictur',
Ther bloody cross un Cabelree—
Er grebious sight et wus ter see."
" Bush Meetin' 's Metherder, in sho,
En Er in cose em gwine ter go ;
Ef Babtis' Skriptur' 's dead ergin her,
Er 'm dead ergin ther Babtis' Skriptur'."
" Dorn en ' Bar Waller ' pon' yer wint
Ter wash erway yer sins yer mint—
Sich lojic dun' ter meetin' tak',
Ser drap et, Ike Huck, fur mer sak' ! "
" Ther Metherder cull dorn ther speret,
Er feel mer min' encline ter year et.
En es fer lojic 'boutin *her*,
Ter bide 'ud be dissimerler ;
Er tak's thet lojic iverywhar,
Sich lojic es bout just en squar."
Her knitting fell upon her lap,
Quivered the border of her cap.
" Er viewed las' night, into mer min',
Ther speret cud en hebben fin',
Sumwher' erpon ther mounting top—
En mizery it peered ter stop.
En Lerrer—Ike, Er dremp sher be
Flewd ter sum wundersum cuntree."
" Er dreme es norret !" he quickly said :
" Ther Passin 'bout ther speret read—
Yer he'd es full of book idees,
Ser yer thim heddy vizuns sees."

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The day was bright beyond compare,
The wine of life was in the air.
A longing rose in Lyra's breast
To join in worship with the rest
At big "Bush Meeting" on the side
Of "Mary's Rock," known far and wide.
Legions of maidens came, bedight
In flowered print and ribbons bright,
And on their cheeks such vivid rose
As only on the mountain blows.
Swarth men with brows well framed for
thought
Their sweethearts to the meeting brought.
But vacant was the smile and stare
Of the vast throng that gathered there.
The altar is a rock of ages,
Sediliums arise in stages.
It seems that hewers of the past
Planned here a temple rough and vast ;
O'er head the dome of branches meet,
The rolling clouds form frescoes fleet.
The acoustics of this structure grand
Is ruled by odyle of the land.
The preacher is a stalwart one,
His sanctimony overdone.
How he conveyed to ignorance
Emotion so profound, intense,
God only knows, but it was so—
Ike's face found a mysterious glow
And in his broad and loyal breast
Is will to do the King's behest.

Holy, Holy One ! to call Thy name
Is impulse like the bell of waking lark ;
To find Thee is an instinct as the babe's
To touch its mother's cheek when in the
dark.

Holy, Holy One !
Psalm in the heart
Rises spontaneously
As fountains start.

Holy, Holy One ! in love respond ;
The soul is vagrant, and the brain is wild,
A dream—to live ; impalpable—to die.
Mid the dim dissonance speak to thy child,
Holy, Holy One !
That fears to lie
Enwrapped in earth's stark arms
While stars roll by.

Holy, Holy One ! when every tongue
That murmurs " God " is melted into dust,
Each life's statarian current from Thee
sprung
Will pass to Thee in an electric trust.
Holy, Holy One !
Around Thy throne
Immortal day will break
On man—Thine own.

And she—with bearing of the great—
So beautiful, so desolate,
Encountered looks of vain surprise

44 THE GIANT OF THE BLUE RIDGE

From many strange unlearnèd eyes.
And feeling that there is no spot
On earth where care for her is not,
Bends low in humble prayer her head
Till the amen is loudly said.
But, ah ! what horror greets her when
She rises from her knees again !
Don Heiskel stands some paces off
With diabolic mien and scoff ;
His wiry frame seems bent to spring
Towards her as the people sing.
Her soul's appeal ascends to heaven
While the long-metre text is given.
Full well she knows Ike Huck will slay
Don Heiskel if he finds a way !
She sees the Giant in his chain,
She pictures all the good Dame's pain.
Her soul grows strong, her mood sublime,
She beckons Heiskel, firm this time.
Moving away, she blesses one
Who saved her once : " His task is done,
I 'll save him now and seek a grave—
Farewell, farewell, true heart and brave ! "
" A sacrifice ! a sacrifice ! "
With loud acclaim the meeting cries.
She winds her way into a dell
Where shadow from a boulder fell.
Heiskel, with a wavering stride,
Has followed and is at her side.
Wild is his look as dream of hell,
His presence bears a droumy spell.

His eyes start with the horrid pain
That violence plants in the brain—
Across his brow a furrow deep
Burrowed by demons in his sleep ;
His pallor 's like white heat of fire,
Burning, still unconsumed, his ire.
“ And so it comes to pass—I find
You *living* with this mountain hind !
Your former lover surely would
Be more adapted to your blood ! ”
O'er stretched her nerve—his baleful tone
Brings thrilling challenge to her own.
“ Think, monster, think what e'er you
will,
Of your embrace—the horror still
Hangs o'er my soul ! now with your *hand*
And with my *blood*, blot out the brand ! ”
He reeled, then spoke in rasping tone
Like moving saw upon a stone:
“ While you have voice to answer, say !
By whom were you first led astray ? ”
“ By you ! there 's no debauch in life
So dread as to have been your wife ;
'Tis entered on the judgment roll
As crucifixion of the soul !
A thousand deaths I 'd die to know
That I am nothing to you more ;
In heaven marriages are null—
'T is so, that ransom may be full ! ”
He bounded forward with a cry,
With awful menace in his eye.

"The spot is lone—enwrapt yon fold—
The curse of hell is on your soul—"

"I speak in solitudes at least

What I feel there to savage beast!"

"Fair wanton, you have dared to *live*—

To the foul fiend his own I 'll give,

Though once like an innocuous witch

You did hang on a cursèd switch!"

"I lived, I lived to love indeed,

And add great faith unto my creed."

"Whom do you love?" he shrieked (the
drone

Of meeting drowned his frenzied tone).

"I love Ike Huck; my God, I do!

A man who is to woman true."

"Then monster of all mortal vice,

Your fate is just in dying twice!"

"And dying, I will love him still;

God giveth that thou can'st not kill—

What, do you shrink? fierce demon, dare!

My arm is weak, my chest is bare;

My love for him I 've boldly told.

(O God! O God! his wrath grows cold.)

Strike! ere *his* arms this form embrace,

The stars of heaven rise in his face—"

He drives the knife into her heart,

Bright as the sun the life drops start;

Extended are her tender arms

To heaven. In death her beauty charms

The murderer, who shrinks away,

Yet hears her failing accents say :
" I leave him his Godgiven peace
In this untainted wilderness ;
No blood will stain his honest hand,
No crime pollute his spotless mind.
In heaven we 'll meet—there angels fly
To wipe the tear from every eye.
I die—yet live—" a faint endeavor,
And those sweet tones are stilled forever.
Slowly she sinks—so young, so slight,
To glorious day a piteous sight!
Wide are her eyes, and deep their blue—
No violet has so tense a hue.
And from her lips the red went slow
(Midsummer wooeth not the snow).
Entangled in her flaxen hair
Are tiny blossoms, red and rare,
That from the lymph of mosses spring—
Her life-blood spreads like open wing.

The Giant missed her, and with quick
Presentment grew faint and sick.
He sought the cabin, asked the Dame
If weary Lyra homeward came.
She answered nay. With frantic stride
He hurried down the mountain side.
Tearing the growth aside he looks
In all the old familiar nooks.
His hands dripped with his scalding blood
When o'er the fatal dell he stood.

He looked—"O God!" he screamed, and
turned

With air and accent of the learned.

Dew from his brow rained to the ground ;

He glanced with awful eye around.

"Ha! hold on there!" he cried, and ran
Toward a figure vanishing.

Don Heiskel stops, chained by his fear—

The Tarpean precipice is near.

A truculence he has not seen

Is present in the Giant's mien.

Ike leaps and grasps him with a hand

Like living, burning iron band ;

And bears him, writhing, to the brink

Of that abyss where he will sink.

The victim shrieks in mortal dread,

The Giant lifts him high o'er head,

Then flings—with force so great he sped

Like hawk on wing ere he fell dead.

Seated upon a rock, such tears

As might have touched the heavenly
spheres

The Giant weeps. He hears the song

Of meeting (where the metre 's long),

And knowing that her blood is shed

And by his hand a man is dead,

He feels his bursting heart strings break

And madness in his brain awake.

A myriad Lyras, winged in blood,

Adown the mountain seem to flood,

And up the cliffs, with broken necks
That backward hang, climb human wrecks.
The meeting is in gorge below—
It seems to smoulder and to grow
Into a hell that he must crush ;
He longs into the throng to rush.
Then cunning superseded rage,
His madness reached a riper stage.
A boulder juttet from the height,
He shook it loose—'t was strangely light.
With vast unconscious power he rolled
It down upon the singing fold.
Wild screams arose, the scattering crowd
Awakened echoes long and loud.
He seized a cudgel, made a rush ;
At first there was an om'nous hush.
Then voices sang: " Ketch hole ther loon,
Ee 's bin er gazin' et ther moon ! "
The multitude seized " Ike the Strong."
The struggle was severe and long.
When they at last had bound him fast
They to his hut in silence passed.
Dame Huck was looking out for him
(This crowd was strange to eyes so dim).
" Ike tied ! " she screamed ; " wut do et
mean,
Ee be ther mildis' uver seen ? "
" Your son is mad," the preacher said ;
" He slew the lady—she is dead ! "
" Ee nuver dun et ! Lerd, Er know—
Ee sot by her sich mortal sto'—

50 THE GIANT OF THE BLUE RIDGE

Yer nuver dun et ! say so, son !
Ther wicket ac' yer nuver dun ?"
" Lyra, the holy one, is dead ;
Her blood be on my head ! " he said.
" Hark, listen to the rush of blood !
The cascades pour a fiery flood,
The blood bursts from the mountain's
heart,
And all its pulses bleeding start !
Lyra, the holy one, is dead ;
The sun, the moon, the stars are red.
The skies pour down a crimson fountain,
The blood will wash away the mountain. "

Upon the mountain top, where winds uplift
The moon, and stars seem falling through
the rift
Of clouds ensanguined like great fire sub-
dued,
An oak, the mightiest in the region, stood.
Chained to the oak a giant madman reels,
Wearing a circle with his iron heels.
Uncanny wheel with one wild clanging
spoke,
A soul imprisoned 'neath a melancholy oak !
The dews of anguish on his forehead run,
His lighted glare is fastened on the sun.
The imp lights peep and bound in mad
derision,
There is in space, no semblance to this
vision.

He hears the mocking-bird, from dewy
chambers,
Mimic the notes of feathery declaimers.
He hears the waters fall, "Ah ha ! ah ha !"
They drown within the cataract a star !
A sense of loss is in the upper air,
A wild turgescence in the mountain bare.
Stentorian voices of the winter wind
In menace speak to his travailing mind ;
Like timbrels at the dawn his pulses
throng
His brain with sound, tintinnabulous,
long—
From the moist earth he leaps, and reeling
in
The circle awfully his days begin.

Abaddon.

With palace wrecks the land was strewn.
But Kindar, charmed, majestic stood
To brave the mold and welk of years,
The rage of fire and storm and flood.
The shadow of its turret fell
Upon the ocean's classic blue
As tho' Pegasus in his flight
Had cast a spikèd iron shoe.
Once glorious glowed its arch and door;
By Moors 't was deemed a Moslem heaven,
Till from it rushed a tide of life
Like frenzied herd by demons driven.
Archaic grew the banquet halls
Where kings had come the feast to share
With mail-clad knights and minstrels gay,
Hidalgos fierce and donnas fair.
It stands in desolation bold,
Its gates lie open night and day;
But through them gush an aguish draught
That bears the mortal frame away.
Sojourners on the broad domain
All know a freezing of the blood
When plodding 'long the lower plain
The shades of Kindar on them flood.
The passing galliard feels that here
A horror throbs, a great unrest;
In fretful awe he bends his knee,
Crosses, with burning haste, his breast.

Sometimes a long and quivering scream
Wakes all the land to wild dismay,
And this is all that man can hear
Of those who keep that house by day ;
For never yet was he so brave
E'en in wild wassailage to boast,
" I 'll meet the demons in their lair,
I 'll charge upon the ghastly host."

Strange creatures do their orgies keep
In Kindar's dim, unhallowed ray ;
Great bats alone find shelter there—
There, shuddering, they loathe the day ;
Elfish in guile and evil deed,
Eagle in size, of iron frame,
They form a host whose ghoulish wrath
Less mercy knows than ravening flame.
Drowsy and irk and grim they lie
From dawn's first peep till night-hag's ride,
Then darting forth on giddy wing
They beat down oaks, the forest's pride.
Some go to share the storm-fiend's mirth
And frolic on the raging deep ;
Some through the windows of bright homes
Gaze on sweet beauty in her sleep ;
Some in a crypt beside the sea
Whisper to him of hoof and horn,
Who jeers and jibes in answering,
With tongue of fire and eyes of scorn.
But ere one hateful shaft of light
Streams o'er the cold night-haunted wave,

The King's great wings upon his sides,
 Like drummer's roll, in beating rave ;
 They come ! they come ! the night air
 pricks

Like thistle points as they hurl by,
 Madly through every aperture ;
 In all the years none saw them fly.
 To one alone their frenzy yields,
 They pay great homage to their King.
 Low on their breasts they bow their heads
 When loudly flaps the royal wing.
 Fierce is the aspect of the King ;
 He measures as a man in height
 If on the ground he deigns to stand
 And spread his ornate wings for flight.
 His blackness blackens that of night,
 He thickens darkness in his flight ;
 He turns the rain to grating hail,
 The dews to bitter frost and blight.

* * * * *

The sweetest eyes that ever gazed
 In happy dreaming on the sea,
 Like gems time saved from Eden's rays,
 Were those bright orbs of Zell Adee.
 And all of darkness that she knew
 Was in her lashes sweeping low,
 For she was white as arctic light,
 A maid of fire, a maid of snow.
 Her tresses, paler than pale gold,
 Like Saturn's circlet bound her brow,
 And on her balmy bosom rolled

As mists that form a lunar bow.
With arabesque of diamond light
Her zone was clasped—her zone was pearl
Set with a zodiac of gems,
Their radiance round her waist to furl.
Ruby, the treasure of the blood ;
Topaz, old sunshine ever new ;
Opal, like dreamless smile of death ;
Sapphire, lost rays of eyes once blue.
Illumined was her robe of lace,
Her rare, bare arms were iridescent;
The light went up, the light went down,
From 'neath her eyelids' fringed crescent.
Her home is by the ever-brightening sea,
Mid wilderness of shade and silver fountains,
Its marble towers pale and firm against
The fitful Tyrian of Spanish mountains.
Through flowery mead and grove and gay
parterre
A riant brook rolls fast ; on either side,
Springing from xiphoid blades that open
wide,
Wan lilies bend and gaze into the tide.
Like snowy-bosomed dryads, gently swung
Upon the scented breeze, they sigh and
dream ;
The splendor of the rose is hourly spent
To drift upon the violet-tinted stream.
In yon high urn a threadlike spray is cast

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With faint, thin trill ; repeating oft and oft,
It breaks upon the fern's wild, dusky
breast—

The garden is so fair, so dim, so soft !

The thoughts grow light, and rise and float
away,

Borne up by sweetness like the laden bee
That glitters in his robes of golden pollen
And wears a veil of lustre from the sea.
The marble faun looks skyward with pale
eyes,

She is alone—Olympian Gods are fled—
Her being is the molding of a dream,
In her fixed smile a stranger soul is dead.

Oft when Zell slept in beauty beaming
Beneath the light of orient stars,
Strange eyes looked on her in her dream-
ing

From close behind her window bars.
The royal bat would leave his throne
Within the gates of Castle Kindar,
And to the marble towers hie
To swing beneath her grated window.
There, moveless, through the soft night
hours,

With wing and frame stretched on the wall
In jetty plume, he sembled well
A guileful elf in dead man's pall.
Fierce beat his heart, his chest of steel
Like metal at the forge would clang ;

His talons grasped the iron rail
Till like a bell at sea it rang.
But beauty smiled—so wild the sound
It fitted to her fairy dream
Of ships with dewy, bloomy sails,
That unto unknown harbors stream.
He sees her locks of xanthine hue,
Night-faded, on the pillow rest,
And in her slightly curved palm
Her cherub cheek is lightly pressed.
Her robe is open at the breasts—
Like immaculate magnolia
Budding in gardens of the blest
They glisten in their lace portfolio.
A look of wolverine despair
He casts on her who slumbers there,
And undulating his vast wings
He whirls in fury through the air.

Flight of the King of Bats.

Soughing like winds that wrack in their
retreating,
Bounding like iron heart in Hades beating,
Winding the welkin waste in wanton wing-
ing,
Over the tower wall phantasma flinging.
Circling the wold, a vanishing vision,
Pulsing upon the air in indecision,
Darting to dusky dells in great obsession,
Crushing the anemone with fell oppression.

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Scaring the thrush from his laburnum
perching,
Startling the elfin sage in cryptic search-
ing,
Then, with a lurch, like ship by tempest
driven,
Seeks o'er the sulky sea a wider haven.

Pursuing ships that listlessly go sailing,
Over their drowsy sails a shadow trailing ;
Blurring the moon's thin curve, as she,
albescent,
Prints on the nebula a demi-crescent.

Making eclipses, when in perihelion
The planets don a gown of rare vermilion,
Tangling the drooping stars in wildest
waving,
Bright things and fair accelerate his raving.

* * * * *

'T was in the light of fairest spring—
Of a hundred it was fairest—
A pulse of joy, prophetic, woke
Nature to a rapture rarest.
All the moss on Castle Kindar
Bore a flow'ret red as Mars,
From the parapets and turrets
They shone like many battle stars
And while an avalanche of flame
The high noon poured into the sea,
The bats came forth, on throbbing wing,
In terror and in wrath to flee.

Some o'er the saffron waters sped,
Some mingled with the damask wood,
And tenantless upon the cliff,
Blooming like Eden, Kindar stood.
Tenantless—save one corridor,
Where the gaunt Bat King, seeming dead,
Lay in the dust of centuries,
His folded wings about his head.
The dawn was blushing, rude and daft,
And mixing tints wild and distraught
When she revealed unto the day
The marvel that the night had wrought.
A MAN stood in the castle window !
A creature that no human eyes
Would ere behold without a thrill
Of terror, worship, and surprise.
And ne'er was form by woman seen
In Vatican, or wakeful dream,
So framed to chain the fancy fast,
So tall, so lissome, so supreme.
The opaque pallor of his brow
Mnemosyne waved a wing above ;
His locks were black with purple bloom
Like ringèd necks of lusty dove.
His smile was bright as stars that wink
From pools embowered in golden vine,
His hand was like the hand that Greeks
Idealized in marble fine.
His hat was pointed, a grave crest
With mediæval metal sheen.
His trunks and hose were like a warp

Of onyx, woofed with mazarine.
Long folds, like asphalt shot with jazel,
His broad imperial shoulders draped,
Then fell like closely folded wings
To his mysterious being shaped.
With manner of the old noblesse
He kissed his hand and stroked his hair,
And stood upon the velvet sward
As though shod with Talaria.
"Dare I to laugh, dare I to weep,
Since I am man again?" he cried;
"What deep, delicious pulsings creep
Along my veins, what fervid tide!
A hundred years ago I stood
In this most glorious being clad—
Till light was darkened by despair,
Till hope was wrecked by passion mad.
My dream was woman, and I loved
And lost, damned loss ere gain begun!
Had I but known—the ripened heart
Loves all of womankind, not *one*!
Poor youth is single hearted, like
The bloom of rose trees newly set,
The earliest bud upon a thorn,
The evening star when day is yet.
The heir to all the goodly land,
The comeliest of a noble race,
I spilt my life blood with my hand—
Old earth I vanished from thy face.
Vanished—yet lived in hideous guise
To rule the spirits of lost men,

Wrapped in dread shapes like unto mine,
Foul fungus, we, evolved from sin !
And Kindar was the gruesome home
Of suicides in bat-like forms.
They came from strange and distant lands,
Thickening the atmosphere like storms.
Some rose from pallid flowers of clay
Where woman's spirit dared to flaunt,
And some from dark and sinuous frames,
With brow like tempest on the mount ;
With lip that seemed to scream aloud,
With heavy hand that threatened blows,
Though frozen on its frigid shroud.
Some in wild shame and wrath arose
From locks of age imbrued with blood,
From eyes grown dim with fires of hell—
Though life grew faint, yet sin grew
strong—

Dark visions rise with mem'ry's spell !
But I 'll forget—forget—forget—
I saw her in her sleeping hour—
(Woman is witching when she sleeps)
She broke the spell with Dervish power.
I have known anguish, yet none like
Those hours I might not woo to win ;
I gazed upon my beauteous mate
Wild with desire and dumb with sin.”
Then gyte with ardors of the earth,
He cried : “ 'T is springtime of the year,
Upon the palpitating breeze
The spirits of young love draw near ! ”

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Lo ! suddenly his arms outspread,
"The sea ! " he shouts, " the sea ! the sea !
From life, from death, from blood, from
tear

You quaff luxurious nepenthe ;
Old Mediterranean, you and I
Embraced of yore with rare delight ;
Soft woman in thy treachery,
Immortal sultan in thy might ! "

The Mediterranean Sea in Calm.

The alabastrite of the lover's sigh—
Bringing to land its old Theurgic spell,
Filling young day-dreams' pitcher at its
well,

Breathing the spikenard of the tropic pine,
Drinking violets, white and sapphirine,
Basalt beneath its celsitude of sky.
Floating its ebon swans to bays of brass,
Waving a golden wing as eagles fly,
Rocking its cherubs bright with lullaby,
Blowing with liquid flutes odylic psalm,
Bending a sybil head o'er open palm,
Scanning the heaven with telescopes of
glass.

Into a luteous wreath its mist is weft ;
Dancing like dusky maids in ruby ring,
Wearing the purple robe of Judean king ;
Bowling to syren fair its courtier suave,

Over its Parian gods its waters lave
Into its courts a tide of roses drift.

Peopled with Mussulmen in turban dressed ;
Hinting seraglio like an opium dream,
Freighted with lotus flowers' essential
steam ;
Swinging in bloomy pink its parquettes
green,
Grinning with teeth of Ethiopian queen—
Winding its amber train of camels west.

Haunted with ghost of heathen idol vain ;
Lifting its burning isle of sanguine skirt,
Christ'ning elephant white and jewel girt ;
Picturing regal palm in limpid fire,
Bearing upon its head its blazing lyre—
Thrilling with nerve of sacrificial pain.

Zell was a daughter of the sea,
In childhood lulled upon the deep ;
She knew its notes, she heard its call,
E'en in the deepest hour of sleep ;
When lost in dreams, its spirits cried,
O Zell, white daughter of the sea !
The waves leap light, their ether crests
Take fairy form and flee to thee,
And nereids that pompous float
Like living moonlight o'er the deep
Spread their white arms, opal dripping,
Unto the walls that guard thy sleep.
Then rive the wave with ringing rhythm,

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Of music measured, sharp and sweet,
Till echoes come from ocean homes
And shrilly tones thy name repeat.

Nymphs' Serenade to Zell.

O Zell! O Zell!
In towers white, in slumbers light,
While we with knell of harp and bell
Trill to her dreams—O Zell! O Zell!

O Zell! O Zell!
We bounded far 'neath moon and star
To triumph here her castle near,
In silvery shouts—O Zell! O Zell!

O Zell! O Zell!
The name we tell to each ounde shell
When on sands bright her foot falls light,
They rhyme, they chime—O Zell! O Zell!

O Zell! O Zell!
In dreamland's spell, sleep well, sleep well;
The waves will leap, their tryst to keep
At break of day—O Zell! O Zell!

Once in her seaside wanderings,
When daylight dallied low and far,
A form drew near her from the west
Like Sun God lighted from his car.
She faintly faltered, turned to fly
From the elf darkness of his eye
Which shot the latent vampire sparks

Familiar to the midnight sky.
The breezes quickened in their play,
Her draperies fluttered, thin and white;
She looked a pictured constellation,
A fancy born of northern night.
They stood transfixed, and she with gaze
Of light and hope, of fear and wonder;
Their hearts beat with the tensest throbs
That e'er moved a sunset under.
"Art thou a child of earth," he cried,
"Or dost thou flit from pole to pole?
'T is Zell! sweet Zell—but orthodox—
Thou wilt abhor an erring soul."
"I pity sinners when they 're sad,"
She said, with burning, downcast eye,
"And I believe, in earth and sea,
No creeds have I—we live, we die—"
"Oh, never, never dare to die!"
He whispered in quick agony;
"The earth is good, and life is set
To nature's sumptuous harmony."
"Yet we, like tears on Time's old cheek,
Hang trembling ever, lest we fall.
He lusts for death, his wrinkled face
Contains a furrow for us all."
"But there is life within a day,"
He cried. The timbre, clear and sweet,
Startled an ocean bird, it fled
Across the waters, winging fleet.
He turned, great light within his eyes,
And said: "O Zell, 't was thou that woke

My being from an eldritch spell,
 A pulsing horror, whence it broke.
 I 'll bare my heart to thee ; well, no,
 I 'll say I love thee, that will do—
 Love 's the beginning and the end.
 There 's nothing old, there 's nothing new ;
 Earth is an eld bereavèd mother,
 But love is young forever more,
 And love is all, is it not so ?
 And thou art Zell, whom I adore."
 His arm her jeweled waist entwined,
 Her head upon his bosom pressed ;
 Their forms seemed framed in aureate mist
 As daylight faded in the west.
 " Touch of thee is delectation,"
 He sighed. " I 'll kiss thee, and I 'll give
 This moment to eternity,
 Since love is life and life must live."
 " Life is not life, but love is life,
 I give thee what thou gavest to me,
 There is no future and no past,
 This hour is eternity."

* * * * *

" Long live the young Prince Stadmar !"
 cried

The tenantry, with shouts and cheers
 (He stood beside the castle gates—
 His presence exorcised their fears);
 " So like the legends of his sires,"
 They murmured, yet each cheek grew
 white,

So fair and terrible his guise.
'T was like no tome of prince or knight,
But *he* had come, no more they wait—
There was no train, no retinue—
In groups upon the sunny beach.
The castle had grown fresh and new,

* * * * *

Vines streamed, as banners gay,
Ethereal plants sprang by the mystic walls,
And bloomed like ravelings of bright
array

Adown the garden way.
A myriad sweets entwined their golden locks
And touched pink cheeks like infants in
their play,
And daylight's orange ray
Made rainbow nimbus round the turret pale,
Lost joy of many a day.

A hundred years ago when he
(The son of noble sire and dame)
Cut off the flower of his life,
Quenching in blood a heart of flame
While he was laid in mournful state,
His dark locks shining on his head,
A great bat came and perched among
The cierges burning by his bed.
The watchers fled, half mad with fear—
They in the vampire's eyes descried
A lambent light and sinister,
A likeness to the suicide.

Then dark the palace grew with bats,
 An icy breath fell from their wing ;
 They sped in columns down the stair,
 They bound the cliff in viscous ring.
 They swept along the corridors,
 They struck the towers in heavy showers,
 And sunshine seemed to steal away,
 And noon was as the gloaming hours.

* * * * *

Count Adee's visage, old and grim,
 Grew young with wonder when he knew
 The prince was come, and Zell's fair cheek
 Brilliant with silent rapture grew.

" I'll see this prince," cried Lord Adee ;
 " I 'll have him at our board ; I 'll call
 My friends to meet him. Ha ! we 'll greet
 The centenarian at a ball."

He stood amongst them, and he pressed
 The hand of brave and fair, but never
 Met an eye that did not fall,
 Or touched a pulse that did not quiver.
 He trod the dance—a prince, a phasm
 Of wondrous eurythmy and charm ;
 His tone and gesture fitted well,
 But naught could some wild fear disarm.
 Those eyes, akin to Sabea hosts,
 That pallid brow strange dreams awoke.
 The host advanced a shaking hand,
 In hollow tones a welcome spoke.
 Fair faces blanch 'neath tresses bound
 In flower and gem ; the minstrels slip

Into the low and halsening key
Of nervous hand and trembling lip ;
But Zell is near him and is blest.
Like bees that deadly sweetness wile
From plants that slay, her charmed eyes
Are feasted by his astral smile.
His hand met hers, they wander out
Where flowers are pale in night's caress,
And languish on the dusky gloom
As houris on low couches press.
Great roses droop upon their stems,
With tears of dew on cheeks of fire,
And faintly from the bath of night
They breathe an aura of desire.

Song of the Rose.

She hovered near me yester e'en,
She called me queen,
She vowed she loved me well ;
I breathed of Ceylon and of Araby,
I am too young, too beautiful to die !

Fresh buds around me taunting smile,
They steal my wile,
They catch my fleeting spell ;
Would I had died to-day upon her heart,
No leaf of mine had then have dropped
apart.

Red as the lips in piquant wreath,
White as the teeth

Of merry maids who laugh ;
 New roses blow to live an hour, if brief,
 On her fond breast where I ne'er cast a
 leaf.

" We stop an hour in Paradise,"
 Said Stadmar, as he stooped to press
 A kiss on cheek so flower-like,
 It seemed almost to deliquesce.
 " I love, I love ! " she said, and stood
 On tiptoe the caress to meet ;
 The outspread wings of butterflies,
 With diamond set, shone on her feet ;
 Her satin shoe, with pointed toe,
 Gleamed white upon the dewy grass ;
 The fairies pause, amazed—admire
 With rapturous gesture as they pass.
 He slowly said : " A form like thine
 I 've sometimes seen by angels borne,
 Diaphanously canopied,
 And floating upward to the throne ;
 Brilliant with supernal gems
 And fair with amaranthine bell,
 The vision lit the higher heaven
 Which thy sweet soul will find not, Zell."
 " In heaven of thy smile to dwell,
 Stronger than pulse of life my will,
 I go with thee, and all is well,
 And love is all ; say'st thou so still ? "
 Cycles of seasons in his blood
 Brought to his lips a smile most rare,

Cycles of mem'ries to his eyes
An igneous current of despair.
He turned, with wild and grandiose air,
And spoke with emphasis intense ;
His thoughts, like swallows fledged, flew out
From flue of dark experience.

Stadmar's Love.

" Sweeter than silver tongues that speak in
dreams,
Softer than ambient cloud that seaward
streams,
Lighter than thistle-down that discous
beams.

" Gladder than gushing laughter in the
dark,
Blither than festive carol of the lark,
Sadder than fading of the flotant spark.

" Brighter than nimbus of a vision lost,
Whiter than flaming of the holocaust,
Fairer than bower estival embossed.

" Stronger than phalanx glittering in steel,
Clearer than bells that for the nocturn peal,
Dizzier than depths below the heights of
weal.

" Higher than stars that to the eyes are pale,
Darker than graves within the Tuscan vale,
Fiercer than famished lion on the trail.

"Purer than flowers of death impearled in
tears,
Grander than plaintive concord of the
spheres,
Fresher than springs that gush eternal
years.

"Closer than doves their tender young en-
fold,
Dearer than light to eyesight growing old,
Nearer than heart-beats to my bosom cold.

"Deeper than Stygian dungeons of the lost,
Finer than filigree in fairy frost,
Greater than promise, or than price or cost.

"Sharper than speeding arrow, diamond
tipped,
Wilder than frond by curling cyclone
ripped,
Bitterer than the cup of death I sipped."

"Oh, I am here; be glad!" she cried
(Her tears were falling, glassy bright,
Her arms were spread like lilies white
Swung on the breezes of the night).
But Stadmar stood with upturned gaze,
A shadow waved about them far,
A dark-winged monster circled fast
Betwixt them and the polar star.
He caught the vampire's threat'ning glare,
A shudder swayed his noble frame;

She turned to him appealingly,
And prayerfully she called his name,
But he had vanished from her side.
The night dews dripped unto the sward,
The moon was veiled in melancholy,
The winds sighed in a minor chord.

“ We meet again, sweet love of mine ! ”
Cried Stadmar (they were by the sea) ;
“ I hold thee in these fateful arms,
Thy doom, thy death, thy grave to be.”
Her sparkling tresses on the gloom
Of his wild splendor shone, a fall
Like that of stars that glitter on
The sombre velvet of night’s pall.
“ I am no more my own, but thine ;
Thou art my *life*, thou art my death ;
I live in thee, I die in thee,
As germs within the mother earth.”
“ Oh, die not, Zell, for we must part.
Plants have a death, but live again ;
Stars set to rise—all things renew ;
The wave returns unto the main.
But death is ours, the only death ;
We only die, since love must die,
Greater than gods, who cannot die,
Are we who love, Sweet Zell ! Good-by.
One parting kiss and then I go—”
“ Whither ? O Stadmar, say at last ! ”
“ Tongue uttereth not my awful doom,”

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He laughed—then threw her from his grasp.

“Ephemeral as beautiful,
It lived a day, thy woman’s spell,
All drifts to an eternal past ;
I swear, I swear I loved thee, Zell ! ”
“Loved me, I see, at last I see ;
There is a future and a past !
And death *is* death ’twixt me and thee.
By earth and *heaven*, our love must last ! ”
His form seemed drooping as he stood,
His regal lines grew faint and fainter,
Till mingled in disorder, like
Fantastic nightmare of a painter,
She saw dark shades pollute his brow—
Outstretched to her a pale hand shone ;
Then loud and heavy wings rose o’er her,
And on the sands she stood alone.
Swift from the clouded heights of Kindar
There came a mad insatiate ring
Of bats in triumph, fierce and fell,
To welcome back their truant King.
A fearful cry adown the beach resounded,
Like a wild gong the heavy seas responded.
The mountains echo deep the dense refrain,
It trails like serpent-coils along the plain.
They come ! they come ! a thickest, darkest night,
The skies are peopled with the purple flight.

A king pennipotent ! a vast dominion
He rules in plummy crown and trailing
pinion.

The Storm on the Mediterranean.

With vibrant sound the waves are running
swift,
Crashing like shivered crystal as they
greet,
Fleeing apart like hearts that break to
meet.
Flying like frothy geese in apex flock,
Skipping like joyous child from rock to
rock,
Falling in spray as autumn leaflets drift.

Starting with windy voice a funeral dirge,
Hushing in awe, as at the courier dead,
Flooding with gathered force mid ocean
bed.

Stoling in fleecy white the ghost of day,
Waving its winding sheets of spectral
gray,
Writhing its pallid victims 'neath the
scourge.

Pointing a prophet finger at the sky,
Rearing like Arab steed, with piercing
neigh,
Glaring with fiery eyes of lightning play,
Standing aloof, in line that's cuniform,

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Waiting the signal gun note of the storm,
Making a silence sharp as death's last sigh.

Hurrying its sheep to fold in snowy train,
Blasting like trumpets in a martial stave,
Marching to cannon's mouth battalions
brave.

Bursting like loaded bomb upon the shore,
Battling like bleeding bull with matadore,
Plunging like ravening wolf upon the
plain.

Flecking with feathery foam a league that's
lost,
Mounting like wingèd griffin on the blore,
Melting its mountains with infernal roar.
Creeping like tiger in the orient,
Bending like priest at holy sacrament,
Rising sublime like elevated host.

Lapping like conger tongue into the weed,
Threshing a silver store on sanded floor,
Shaking a vesture white at cavern door.
Beck'ning like drowning hand that vainly
pled,
Lamenting like pale woman o'er her dead,
The wandering waters waver in their
speed.

Suicide of Zell.

The moon is trilling like a silvery bell,
Sweet echoes float afar ;
" From heights empyrean she fell
Like a trailing star.

Euroclydon my clear crescendos swell,
Idalia, golden, calls ;
My music fills to asphodel
Magellanic walls.

A drop of dew, by wing of Azrael,
Brushed from summer's charms ;
With love's wild daring she leaped well
Into ocean's arms.

Purer than pearl pelagian (I knell)
She sleeps in deeps below,
Exequy in aqueous hell,
Acrochord of woe."

And on the wall of her home tower,
White, as of old, like seal of death,
In black is stamped a wing of ice—
A stiffened form with bated breath.
He hangs like horror petrified,
Demoniac silence o'er his crest.
Her mirror now reflects no wraith
Of beauty from its vacuous breast,
Pure as the shape that slumbered there.

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Her bed, whence moonbeam might have
risen ;

Her chamber wears the mournful air
And mystery of an angel's prison.
Another bat has joined the throng
That into night from Kindar flies,
The King, with human precedence,
Doth this similitude despise.
Still, man in this—to arbitrate
That mortal woman framed for him—
However bestial *his* state—
Must be akin to Seraphim.

Sing Me to Sleep.

Sing me to sleep ! a weary child of earth,
With windy voices rising from the cloud
 Deep in the night,
With waterfall that echoes long and loud,
Nearer the hour of death than hour of
 birth,
A child of earth ;
Sing me to sleep !

Sing me to sleep ! with whispers low and
 light,
Of dewy vine that to the lattice creeps
 Deep in the night ;
From the dim mould the dainty blossom
 leaps
The odor of the wold wings from the height,
Day is all night ;
Sing me to sleep !

Sing me to sleep ! a wakeful child of earth,
A loving child of earth ; I long to be
 Deep in the night
Lapsed in long silence, moving on with
 thee,
A part of a great planet, till the birth
Of the new light ;
Sing me to sleep !

Church Bells.

I've set a thousand measures to that chime
Sweet evening bells !
My heart dissolved in prayer, my prayer in
rhyme ;
Sweet evening bells !

When August day declined, sound wan-
dered here
To float and flow ;
The echoes, breathing as my life, drew near
Through open door.

Now summer days are drifted to the past,
No roses blow
To scatter petals as the wind runs fast
And day dips low.

Now fallen moonbeams hang on boughs of
ice,
On hedge of spears ;
So time will drape the shapes of our device
With frozen tears.

But tuneful are those tongues with histories,
They tell—they dare ;
And mellow are those throats with mys-
teries
Divinely fair.

When I am silent in the last long sleep
Of dreamless death,
I would their joyful tenor they might keep,
Though hushed my breath.

I'd have the rapture rise to heavenly shore,
Of great bells swung ;
Melodious to peal, implore, adore,
With gushing tongue.

Not tolling—dropping, like the soul's des-
pair,
In iron tears—
But trilling, like the pulses that we bear
Eternal years.

At Sea.

Ah ! dim, deep rolling river,
 Bear on my heart's refrain
 To where thy waters meet
 The billows of the main,
 That one who hath set sail
 May hearken once again.

At midnight's mystic hour
 In slumber he will feel
 A faint, wild melody
 Along his heart strings steal ;
 And murmur in his dream :
 "A soul is at the keel."

And on the glistening sea
 At dawn he will behold
 The phantom of lost love
 Rise from the waters cold,
 Then, paler than his brow,
 Sink to their ghastly fold.

A Reply to "Good-Bye, Sweetheart."

Sweetheart, return ! the wave unto the
shore

Comes with the buoyant tide ;
Glad from the ocean tempest yet once more
In joy and song to reach
The ever-waiting, ever-changeless beach.

Thou are my past, my present, my to-mor-
row,

Unbroken is the dream ;
The sun doth rise alike on joy and sorrow,
Great laws our trust will keep,
As stars unto their orbits while we sleep.

Sweetheart, return ! those are undone in-
deed

Who lose that we have lost—
The immortal fount of hope, the vital need
That quenches sorrow's flame,
Making regret a fable and a name.

Sweetheart, return ! ere death forever dim
These eyes that turned to thee
As sunflowers to their God, and only Him ;
Come ere the blight doth fall
On that thy heart doth loud and vainly call.

84 THE GIANT OF THE BLUE RIDGE

Is this the harvest ? An uncovered grave
Where memory will live ;
Rising anon to chide, to sigh, to rave,
And fill the coming years
With vain reproaches, unavailing tears.

Sweetheart, return ! true love can never die
In storm and tempest wild,
But like a gentle bird comes forth to dry
Its plumes in hope's first ray,
Calling its mate, though lost and far away.

On Wing of Day.

On wing of day !
I reach the sunset turrets, and we meet
When gravelly streams dissolve the parting
 ray,
And winds deplete
The furrows where the golden shadows lay.

No life but ours !
The life aspiring unto higher things,
The life that 's higher than the throne of
 kings ;
O, speak ! O, speak !
Angels have voices as the daylight wings.

O, recompense !
This rare emotion that my senses meet,
This mourning passing into rhapsody
 As fleet, as sweet
Is the blest meeting on the wing of day.

No life but ours !
The fierce, the full, the mighty pass away
In pageantry of dust ; ours is the dream
 Of joy at last—
Beyond the passing of the shadowy stream.

Loves of the Lilies.

Thou art tall, my love, and from thy waxen
cup

The pollen's golden halo riseth up
And hovers rich in air ;

O, sweet thy breath !

Soft as my loving heart, and pure as death.

A glorious day together we have spent,
Yet not together, with the winds we blent,
Swaying apart, apart ;

Thine honied lip

Has not met mine that to its margins dip.

O, happy wind ! so wild in thy caprice,
So swift, so tender in thy grasp, release,
Grant that to-day we meet ;

With snowy brow

And waxen cheek, drift us together now.

Thou art tall, my love, springing from the
sod

Like a fair soul aspiring to its God,
And fragile, thou, as fair—

Lean to my breast ;

Like thine, 't is set with gold armorial crest.

Ah, now ! ah, now ! thy life is mixed with
mine,

The spirits, we of tender thought, divine,
Meeting so, heart to heart,
O, love of mine !
See the green swords that guard us inter-
twine !

But, lo ! a leaf has fallen, wilt thou die ?
So white, immaculate, that never knew a
sigh—
Must thou, too, fade and fall ?
O, earth ! O, earth !
Too many sorrows hast thou given birth !

Adrift, adrift, thy fragrant fairy soul,
Away, away, fleeing beyond control ;
Winging the sparkling day
I follow fast—
We loved, we kissed, we die upon the blast.

We loved, we kissed, and mingled in a
breath,
For life of love there cannot be a death ;
Adown the coming years
Our kiss will spring,
Responsive to the sun, immortal thing.

The Fireflies.

We light ! we light the dewy deeps,
The shadowy steeps
With sulphurous glow,
With phosphorous flow,
And by the creek the willows set
With many a golden spark ;
Along the water's edge we fret
The grasses with a ring
Like footlights of a fairy stage—
The waters wondering.

We light ! we light the rose of night
With quick delight ;
When sweethearts true
Look thro' the blue
To see the cowlèd beauties spar,
The scarlet queen, the pink, the white ;
The pansy laughs : “ Ah ha, ah ha ! ”
As long the beds we dash,
And on her piebald velvet face
Our fiery moistures plash.

We light ! we light the sylvan cells
Whence anthem wells
From harp strings stung
As night winds sprung ;
The unforgotten glades that sink
The burnished blade, the lambent leaf ;

The tattered tarn of tarnished brink
Where foxes hide, where whippoorwill
The melancholy wastes of shade
With melancholios trill.

We light ! we light with diamond eyes
Where never sighs
The soul of seas ;
Where inland trees
Throng to the mountain's summit brawn
With multiform monstrosity ;
Of bare white branches like the horn
Of mammoth elk, sublime and lone ;
Of sword that hangs with menace wild,
O'er dales of unknown sun.

We light ! we light the firs' black crown,
We gild the frown
Of pallid sky—
No star is nigh ;
The heavy rains have drenched their way ;
We light ! we light illuming night
With earth-born aqueous ray ;
We scatter, scatter pulsing light,
Like shattered stars of starless night,
Blazing, lest valleys blight.

We light ! we light ! we light ! we light !
All hues of green
Mix with our red
Of rainbows bred ;

90 THE GIANT OF THE BLUE RIDGE

We drift in heatless clouds of fire,
We gleam, we glow, we flash, we fade ;
Revive, expand, exult, expire,
Till with the dawn we stay—
Are embers in the early light,
And ashes in the day.

In Some Celestial Garden.

In some celestial garden,
Where waters, soft and slow,
Throw up their arms in fountains,
Applauding heaven's glow ;
Where leaves that wither never
Are lined with diamond white,
And move as sacred dancers
To a rhythm of delight.

Our souls will drift together
In some bright bowered way,
Where lost in dreams beatific
Immortal poets stray ;
Light tresses falling o'er us
Like raveled threads of stars,
We 'll greet the poet spirits
That reach the golden bars.

By rivers running rubies,
Where trumpets of pure gold
In myriad hands of snow
Are clasped in gentle fold,
Our hearts will beat together
The measure that is long,
Our rapture rise increscent
In crescendos of song.

In some celestial garden,
Where waters, soft and slow,
Throw up their arms in fountains,
Applauding heaven's glow,
Our souls will drift together
In some bright bowered way,
Where lost in dreams beatific,
Immortal poets stray.

Chant of the Stars.

O, earth, thy multitude !
Thy great vicissitude,
Changes our key note to harmony wild ;
Seeing thee ever hang
Like an unceasing pang,
We fall in pity to thy fallen child.

Rise we to light thy breast,
Set we to thee distressed,
Knowing the sun of hosts shineth for aye ;
To his deep monotone
Turn thy perpetual moan,
We will forget all thy woes through the day.

Leaden their weight indeed,
Tears are thy drink and feed ;
Over the graves of thy millions is reared
Granite and marble wall,
Fated to fade and fall,
All thine inheritance blended and bleared.

Yet it will surely be
God will replenish thee,
After the manner beknown to Him right ;
Mark His thus framing us,
Rhyming and chiming thus,
Every intercess fills by His might.

94 THE GIANT OF THE BLUE RIDGE

Blithe was the bonny maid
Who at her window prayed,
White were the hands she clasped as she
 knelt there;
Love beat within her breast,
Youth, by no care oppressed,
Mantled her cheek with ray, human and
 fair.

But when we looked again
Through that small window pane,
Still was that chamber and stilly there slept
That maid of yester night,
Cold were the hands so light
Over her breast, as she slept ere she wept.

Gleeful the cherub one
Laughed past the set of sun,
Vital his color as tropical flower;
Dimpling to see us gaze
Down on his winsome ways,
Clapping his hands he stilled many an hour.

Bold was thy warrior son,
Fierce as at Marithon,
Though lost his armor to ages long past;
Hoof of his ebon steed
Struck where the daring bleed—
“Charge!” he cried harshly; the words
 were his last.

On sped his courser black,
Swift as the lightning track,
Breathless the rider outstretched on the sod ;
Gone, with the rage of wrong
Marking his features strong,
Here we will rest him alone with his Gods

O, earth, thy multitude !
Thy great vicissitude
Tunes us to tenor and drives us to dong,
Let our symphonic choir
Quench thine inherent fire,
Since we have chimed to thee widely and
long.

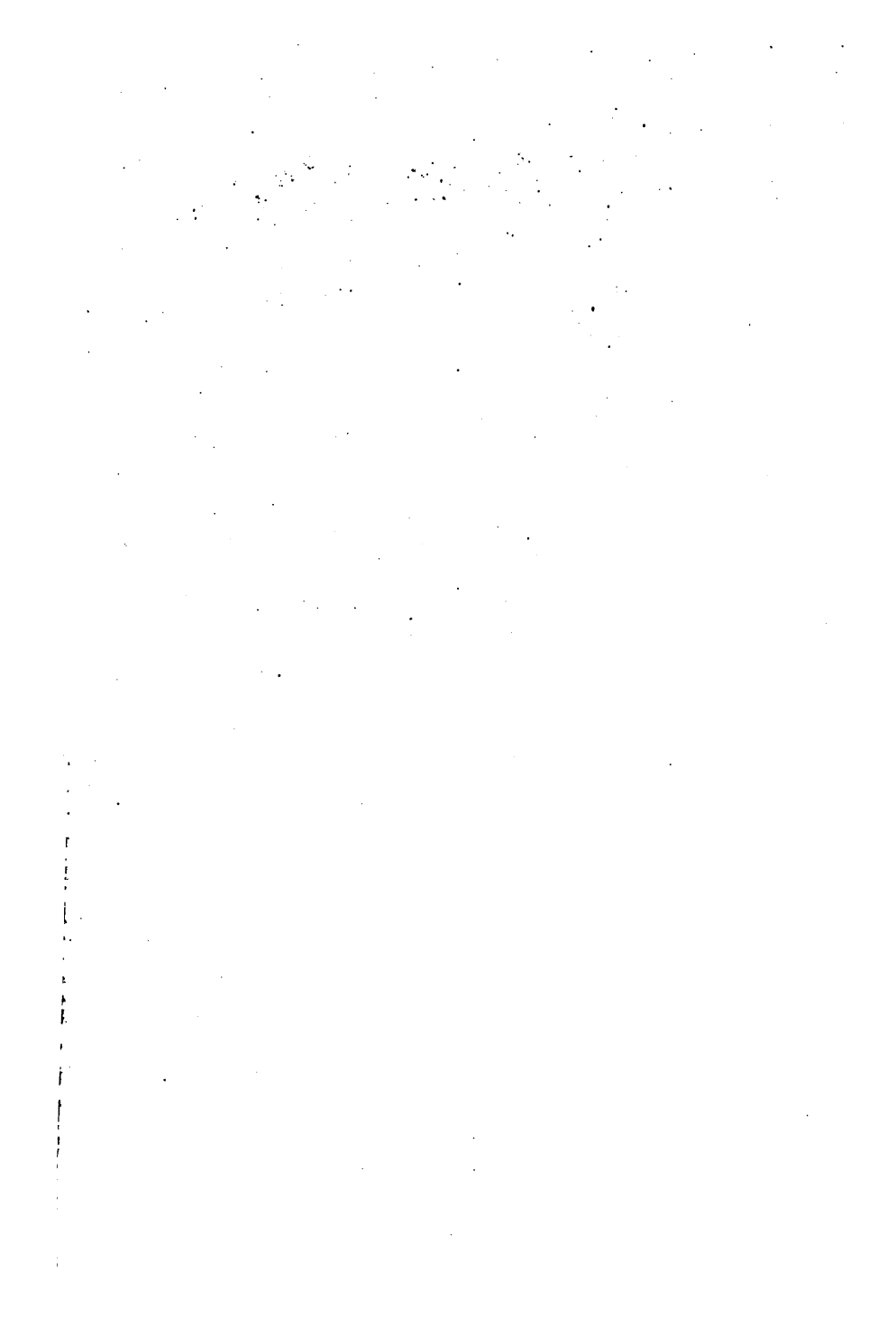
Since all the spheres are set
To chords will soothe thee yet,
Since wingeth time to eternal rhyme,
Vast is the voice to save
Over the land and wave,
Hark to the bass of the leader sublime !

Music is meaning still,
Though every tongue be chill,
Written is melody destined to wait ;
Ne'er will we say farewell
To souls that in thee dwell
Till thou art tuned to the key of our fate.

96 THE GIANT OF THE BLUE RIDGE

All will redound to thee,
Thou will renew to be
Grander [than dreamer can dream in the
dust ;
Fair as a flower free
Springeth thy destiny,
Hence the great laws of the universe trust.

Lay them down cheerfully,
Lives born so fearfully,
Lost and forgot be their griefs evermore ;
Railing so fretfully
Falling forgetfully,
Into death's arm may His mercy endure.



**This book is under no circumstances to be
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